THE LUCKY ESCAPE

written & composed by

Mr. DIBDIN,

for his Entertainment called

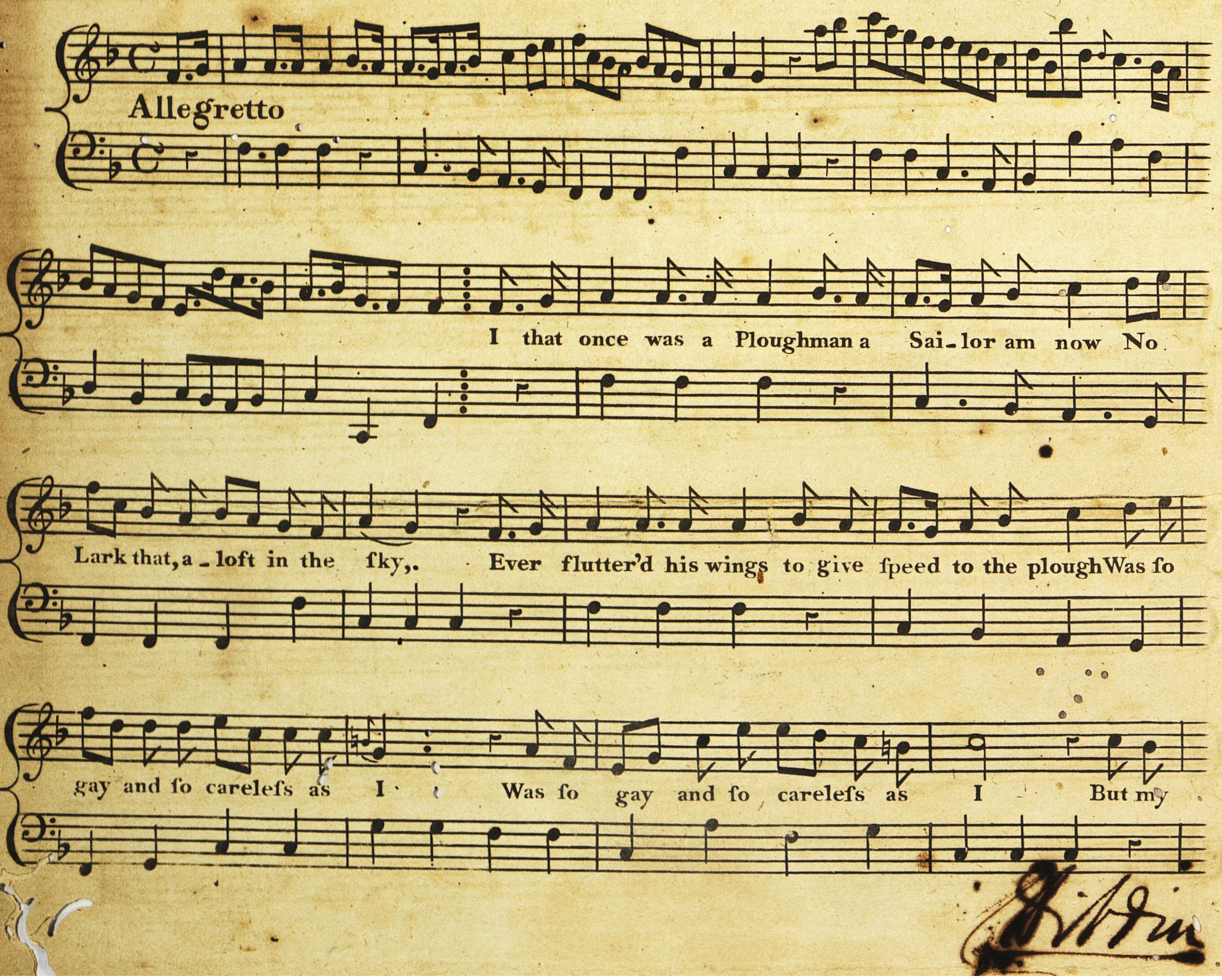
PRIVATE THEATRICALS

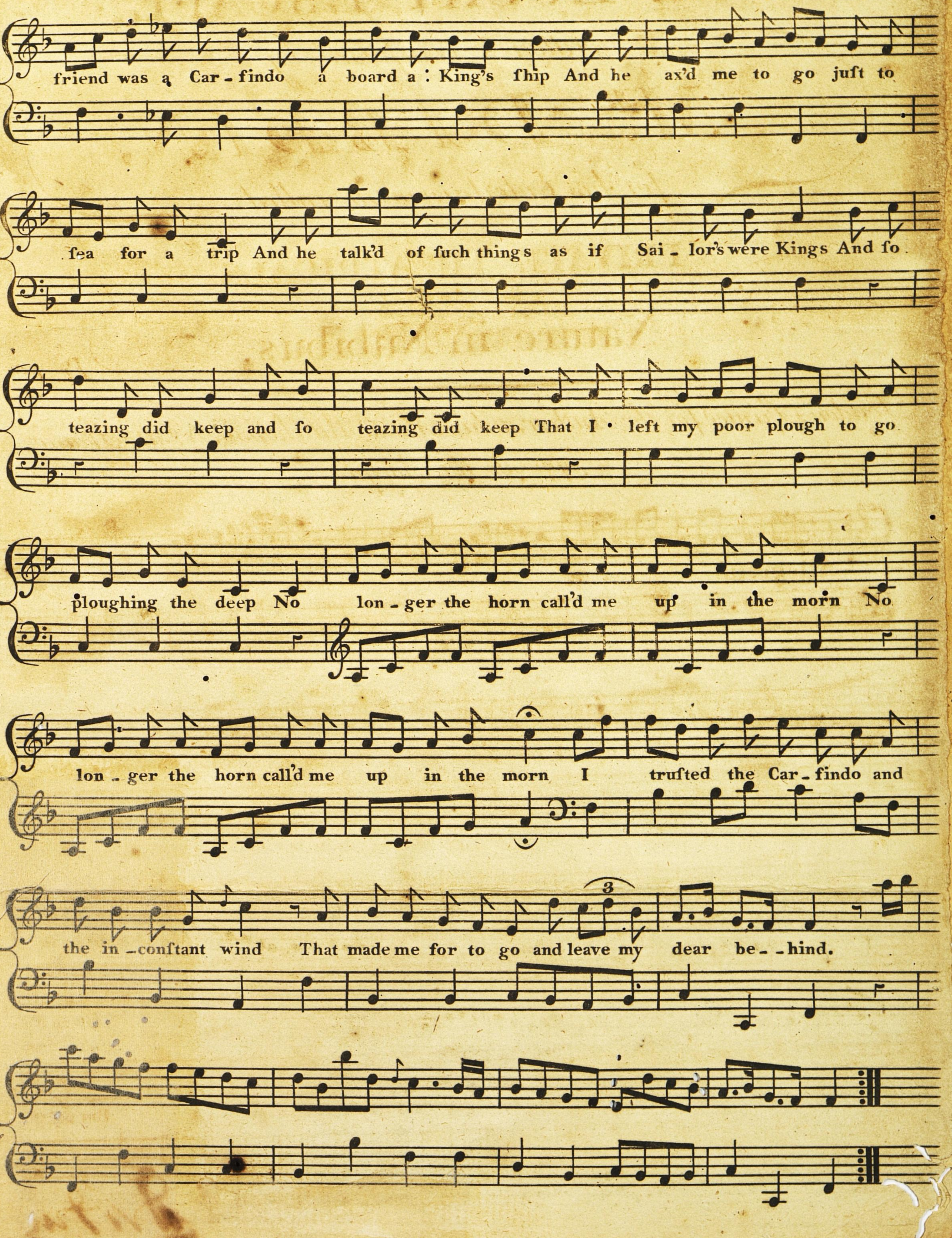
or

Nature in Nubibus.

Pr. 1s.

London: Printed for the Author, at his Music Warehouse, No. 411, Strand, opposite the Adelphi




friend was a Car-findo a board a King's ſhip And he ax'd me to go juſt to
ſea for a trip And he talk'd of ſuch things as if Sai_lor's were Kings And ſo
teazing did keep and ſo teazing did keep That I left my poor plough to go
ploughing the deep No lon_ger the horn call'd me up in the morn No
lon_ger the horn call'd me up in the morn I truſted the Car_findo and
the in_conſtant wind That made me for to go and leave my dear be_hind.
3

2

I did not much like for to be aboard aſhip,
 When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I liked the jolly Tars, I liked bumbo and flip,
 But I did not like rocking about:

By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a Sailor, laid flat;
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home.
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the Carfindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

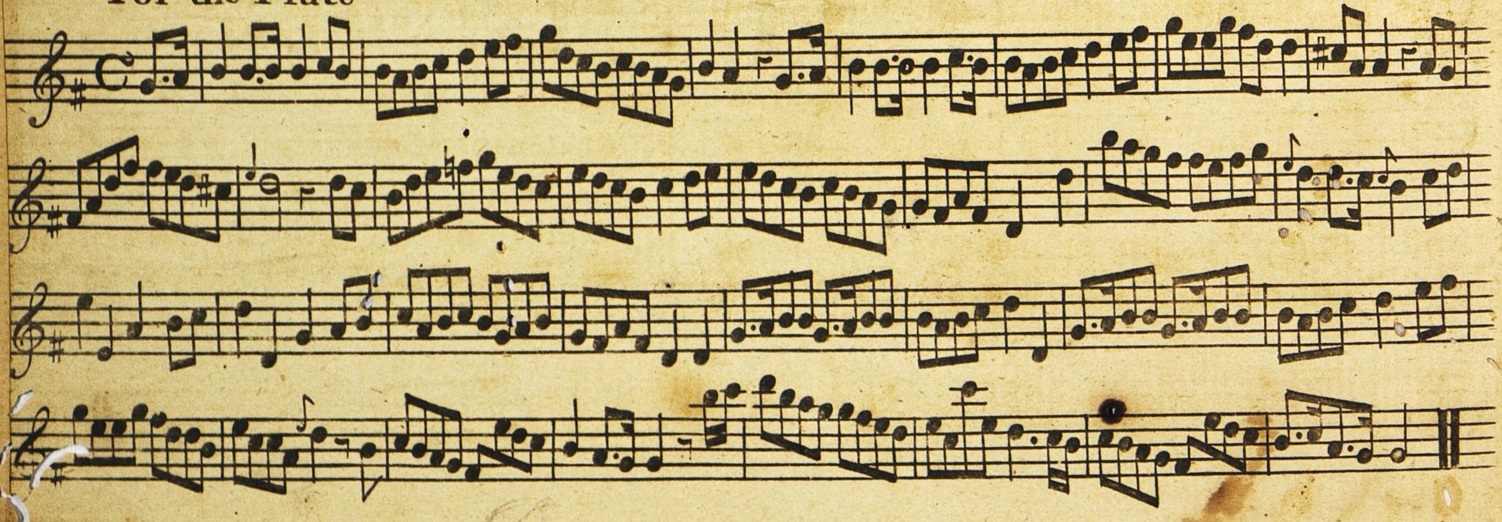
3

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
 Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife ran away:

Ah who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives looſing their huſbands oft loſe their good name;
Ah why did I roam
When ſo happy at home.
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curſe light upon the Carfindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

4

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
 Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home.

Stark ſtaring with joy, I lept out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin
Now, cried I, let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep,
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any damn'd Carfindo nor the inconſtant wind
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

For the Flute